A SCRUFFY WHITE HARE
by Andrew “Change” Huang

high beyond the clouds,
hidden from the hare below
is a grinning moon.

playful—the small moon
slyly peeks out from the clouds
to the hare below.

the sad hare, below,
reminisces about the moon.
Please move aside, Clouds!

the white hare, wiled by the clouds,
searches from the earth below
for that gray hare on the moon.